

One More Night

by Sheryl Nantus

Category: X-Files
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 1999-03-16 09:00:00
Updated: 1999-03-16 09:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 11:53:25
Rating: K+
Chapters: 1
Words: 981
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Thoughts one night in the mind of one Fox Mulder...

One More Night

All Characters copyright of TenThirteen Productions and Chris Carter.
No infringement intended on any part...I like being poor, really...

Comments, complaints and just plain talk to sheryl_martin@tvo.org

One More Nightby Sheryl Martin

The tall man sat in front of the computer screen, idly surfing around to different Web sites; his hand guiding the mouse as his eyes scanned the words and images. With a deep sigh he logged off; reaching around to shut the computer down.

Fox Mulder walked the few feet to the sofa and sat down. For some reason he was troubled; more than usual... and he didn't know why. Picking up the remote control, he tapped on the power button. Maybe some television would bring him out of it.

Ten minutes and fifteen channels later he punched the set off; tossing the control at the screen. Nothing interested him; nothing piqued his interest... his eyes wandered to the recent file sitting atop the table in front of him. Their newest case. Well, not really theirs; Violent Crimes had sent it down with a request - this one he could easily analyse and send back to VC with a current profile of their killer. He at least could do that much for them, since he sure couldn't catch anyone anymore.

Where the hell did that come from, Mulder?

He reached for his drink, taking a deep swallow of the cola. The case wasn't anything unusual - unfortunately. The killer abducted and

killed his victims; usually by strangulation. He grabbed them right out of their homes, posing as a delivery man or some authority figure to gain access. He stuffed them in the trunk of a rented car and drove to a secluded area; raped and killed them... then left the bodies out in the open. No attempt at covering his tracks by concealing the bodies. From the autopsies, it had been determined that the women had been gagged with their own clothing and then handcuffed; probably the cheap kind you could buy in any store. And they were all dead and the families were looking for answers; for a reason why this happened. Why their wife, daughter, sister, friend... why them?

Why indeed... Reaching over, he put the light out, stretching out on the sofa as he loosened his tie. He was just too dammed tired to change.

He watched, unable to move as the light pulled Samantha through the window and outside the house...

He watched, unable to move as Duane Barry pulled Scully through the door and outside the apartment building...

She screamed as she disappeared into the darkness; screaming his name over and over...

And then he saw them put her on a table; start their experiments... start the drills and the needles and the bright lights and the questions and the pain and the fear and the crying and the screaming and the calling out of his name over and over and over...

The sweat broke out over his body; covering his body in a wet shroud as he tossed and turned on the leather couch.

And he had failed her. Failed them both. He hadn't done anything to bring them back; nothing at all. Oh, he had answered the questions and filled out the forms and gone over the pictures and searched the crime scene again and again until the images were seared so deeply in his mind that they would never leave him.

Then the faces came. The family he had failed; both families he had failed. Two daughters whose mothers had looked at him and seen the anger and the pain in his face; but who had remained silent - and that hurt more. That they should hold him responsible and didn't.

A soft cry escaped his throat; breaking through the dark apartment as he flung an arm over his face.

The graves. Oh god, the graves. The stones bearing silent witness to his failures; to his inability to stop them. The engraving on them; the uncertainty of the dates because there was no proof. No closure because there was no body. No one in the coffin because there was no one to put in there; to weep over; to cry and remember.

And the people around him; wondering and whispering behind his back. Did he, was he, would he... Questions that they thought he'd never hear, but he did. Could he, might he have, do you think... Comments on every tangent; every theory he had ever heard, every deviation on his relationship that could be thought of. I heard, did you hear, I think he...

Turning over, he pulled the pillow into his face tightly as the tears streamed down his face.

Then he saw her... Suddenly he was in the hospital room and she was smiling at him and he felt his heart pound just that much faster. His hand was in his pocket and pulling out the cross that he had worn for so long; worn around his neck and held tightly in one fist while he slept; that her mother had given to him for safekeeping.

And she smiled again as he pressed it into her hand; a part of his heart pressed into her hand with it. Her eyes met his and suddenly he knew the truth...

Fox Mulder relaxed his grip on the pillow; the tension flowing out of his body with a deep sigh as he fell limp on the cushions. His eyelids flickered once, twice at the pictures in his mind. The corners of his mouth twitched upwards into a soft smile as he fell into an untroubled sleep; at least for one more night. For one more night.

*****"If you will practice being fictional for a while, you will understand that fictional characters are sometimes more real than people with bodies and heartbeats."Richard Bach -- "Illusions"

End
file.